

Home, I Wish

If I flap my wings, how far will I go?
Home, I hope
Home, I wish
The sun that warms my feathers, and brightens my steadily beating heart,
The water that moves with excitement, and the water that is so still as though
asleep in the lazy day,
The weeds in the water that move from side to side, with their thin tips tickling my
legs as I move.
If I fly faster, how far will I go?
To home I hope,
To home I wish,
I smell the marsh, fresh and wet,
I can hear the crickets with their sweet songs of the night.
If I fly lower, I know I'll make it home,
The ground was getting closer and closer, the water reflected my flying figure,
the weeds were brushing my feet, I was home.
I felt the ground beneath my feet, the soft mud squishing against my feet,
I wanted to drink the sight in, I flew farther, stretching my wings,
but something was wrong, something was different.
I touched the surface, but instead of the soft land, I felt the cool water.
I looked ahead, and all I could see was water for miles and miles,
the land I once knew was gone.
If I flap my wings fast enough, will I find my home again?

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First Place Winner
Group 3 – Ages 11-13
Ponchatoula Junior High School
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